

PAPEERS ASKED AS HELP FOR RED CROSS

Patriotic Call Made to Every Household in City

WILL ADD THOUSANDS TO CAUSE OF MERCY

All Urged to Provide Bags in Home and Collect All Old Papers

AUTOTRUCKS TO COLLECT

What Every Citizen Can Do for Mercy Cause

Will you help the Red Cross in its city-wide paper saving campaign? Will you place all of your waste paper, newspapers and old letters in a bag, instead of throwing them away, or giving them away promiscuously? Will you organize a paper-saving unit in your block? Will you lend your motor or your truck to the Red Cross several hours one afternoon a week for the purpose of collecting these bags? If you will do any or all of these things, write to The Red Cross Department, care of the EVENING LEDGER.

By M'LISS

A gigantic paper-saving campaign, embracing every household in Philadelphia where there are men, women and children anxious to do their part in the war, is in the process of organization by the South-eastern Pennsylvania Chapter of the Red Cross, co-operating with the EVENING LEDGER.

Not a person who buys magazines and newspapers or who receives letters will have, when the plan is in full swing, the excuse that there is nothing he can do to help his country.

It is given to everybody to be able to save the scraps of paper that come his way; it is, therefore, given to everybody to be a unit in a city-wide movement that will turn hundreds of dollars weekly over to the Red Cross in the furtherance of its benign work.

Experts have estimated that the newspapers alone which are delivered into the homes of Philadelphia every morning and afternoon aggregate two hundred tons. Newspapers in bulk sell for \$20 a ton, and, due to the very serious paper shortage, there is a ready market.

Many private agencies, realizing this, have taken advantage of the demand and are reaping rich harvests from the wanton paper waste.

The Red Cross needs money. If it can collect but one-tenth of the paper that daily goes into the homes of Philadelphia, several thousand dollars a week will swell its coffers. The day has come to forget private agencies and remember only public good.

CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY

In a time when the subject of rigid economy is on the lips of every patriotic citizen, this is a golden opportunity for those who have deplored the fact that there was little for them to do.

You may be a man unable to shoulder a musket; you may be a woman without a bank account, and seemingly nothing tangible to give—your manifold household duties may even have absorbed all your time; you may be a school child. To one and all the Red Cross says: "Come."

Save your paper. Hoard it religiously and conscientiously. Every scrap, every bag, every letter, every old newspaper. Put it in a bag designed especially for that purpose and give us permission to come for it once a week.

Already a base hospital from Philadelphia has been ordered to the French front. The equipment and maintenance of these hospitals are a part of the Red Cross work. Whoever gives a dollar to the Red Cross or puts the Red Cross in the way of making a dollar gives material assistance to the country and its allies.

You can do this by getting the habit of contributing regularly to the Red Cross bag, one of which the organization hopes in time to have hanging in every home in Philadelphia.

PLAN OUTLINED

Briefly the plans are these:

Every woman who has the welfare of her country and the magnificent work of the Red Cross at heart will make a bag of coarse unbleached muslin, easily laundered, measuring four feet in length and two and one-half feet in width.

This bag will replace in the home the rag bag of a bygone age.

Every member of every patriotic woman's family will be taught to step up to the Red Cross bag and deposit his waste paper therein with the ardor with which he would approach a shrine.

One day a week the Red Cross will send around a flotilla of automobiles and trucks, to be donated by patriotic owners to collect the bags, which later will be returned.

Should every household in Philadelphia donate its waste paper to the Red Cross many thousands of dollars would be raised. If only one-tenth of the citizens respond, however, the enterprise will be a highly profitable one.

Seldom has an opportunity for a demonstration of real patriotism with so little effort been offered.

The officials who have the organization under way do not expect the entire city to spring to arms, bag in hand, at once, but hope by the establishment of neighborhood centers, starting intensively, to create an epidemic of paper-saving for the Red Cross, the contagion of which will spread ultimately to every home.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

In order to handle the situation adequately it will be necessary for auto and truck owners to give over their vehicles for an hour or two a week. The Emergency Aid Motor Service of Miss Letitia McKim not being available for this purpose, the Red Cross headquarters and propound the query:

What can we do to help at a time like this?

The answer is easy:

First, you can make a bag.

Second, you can put all your waste paper in it.

Third, you can lend a machine, if you have one, for an almost negligible time.

If you are looking for a chance to do your part and want to be one of the first to get in on the Red Cross paper-saving campaign, write to the Red Cross Department, care of the EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia.

\$100 Reward for Finding Missing Girl

A reward of \$100 has been offered by the parents of Marie Stadelman, twenty years old, of 2240 Wallace street, for information as to her whereabouts. The girl was last seen on April 14 to go to the West show, and has not been seen since. It is believed by the parents that she has joined a moving picture

THE LIFE OF MARSHAL JOFFRE

By ALEXANDER KAHN

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The "Savior of France" Finds Time for a Love Romance in the Rush of Fortifying the Republic's Newly Conquered Provinces

This is the third installment of "The Life of Marshal Joffre," which began in Monday's EVENING LEDGER.

THE STARTING POINT

Not satisfied with the work that came to him in the ordinary run of events, Captain Joffre set out to rid the region over which he reigned of the pestilential miasma that infected the air and caused a morbid mortality among the natives and the French soldiers.

HIS WORK IN THE EAST

If his immediate superiors took but little notice of his efforts, probably looking upon him as only a small cog in the governmental wheel that was endeavoring to make of Indo-China a prosperous French colony, if his work forms now but a forgotten chapter in the history of French colonies, there is one town in Indo-China which still remembers Joffre and his work, and that town is Vietri.

This town is Vietri, and Captain Joffre spent several months there, working, thinking, planning and always preparing, though unconsciously, for the task that was to become his in 1914.

In 1868 Vietri was but a frontier post, erected at the junction of two small rivers. Pirates made continuous attacks upon the inhabitants, and those who were left who escaped death at the hands of the bandits were being ruthlessly decimated by disease.

A mounted company of the Foreign Legion and a troop of sappers formed the defending and attacking force, and Captain Joffre was at the head of the latter.

It was at Vietri that Joffre performed a feat, which under other circumstances and in other surroundings would have been sufficient to gain for him fame and recognition. When he came, Vietri was a plague-infected town; when he left Vietri, it had been a village translated from the French Riviera to the tropics.

Even today an Annamite mother lulling her baby to sleep may be heard uttering something about the "man of the eyes," and hardly any one of the white residents overlooking her would suspect that she refers to no one else but Captain, now Generalissimo, Joffre.

He certainly left his imprint upon Vietri, and the natives, with the aptitude of savages, noticed the peculiarity of the enormous eyes, and named this white chief "the man of the eyebrows." Since General Joffre has come to occupy the center of the world's stage, the Annamite appellation "the man of the eyebrows" has been spread to the four corners of the earth.

Not even the tropical climate, the loneliness of the evening in what is every where a vast waste, the wildness of the wilderness, the despair failed to change Captain Joffre's mentality or his behavior toward his fellow men.

He lived alone, out of choice; whenever free from duty, he buried himself in papers and books; he worked incessantly and never appeared tired. Then as now his capacity for work knew no bounds.

This captain was a solidly built Pyrenean, calm and clear-headed, with a firm walk and a hard blue eye, says a contemporary of his in Indo-China. "He seldom smiled, he spoke still more rarely, and he never punished except in an extreme case, but he was a hard disciplinarian. The natives feared him because of his silence; they loved him because of his justice."

This picture of Joffre of twenty-nine years ago may serve as a picture of him today. Justice in the eyes of Joffre meant and means, before everything else, conscientiousness in performing a given task.

Although helping to pave the way for the French domination in the Far East, Captain Joffre's life at that time did not abound in adventures. The glory of a daring exploit, the joy of a dashing attack, are not the lot of a soldier whose energies and ability are devoted to building fortifications and digging trenches. Still, Joffre's life was far from being monotonous.

Were General Joffre a man of industrial pursuits, instead of a soldier, he would have no doubt been the father of a labor-saving system for all his efforts, from the very beginning of his career, have been dominated not only by the desire to bring to bear upon the work in hand scientific perfection, but also by the intention to do it at the smallest expenditure of physical force.

When Joffre left Indo-China in 1888, he was still a captain, and no one thought, he himself probably least of all, that he was in the future to write some of the most important pages in the history of France.

But men like Joffre do not pass unnoticed. Though he himself had not lifted a finger to make his ability known, he nevertheless acquired the reputation of being one of the best military engineers in the army, and of one who "loved his profession to a degree which made him, politically speaking, not a dangerous man."

Joffre's arrival in France was not hailed by cheering multitudes. He came to Paris, reported himself as ready for new service and was attached to the staff of the general commanding the engineering branch of the French army.

After the activity of his life in Formosa and Indo-China, the enforced comparative idleness of office work would have hung heavily upon the hands of any other man, but Joffre it was not. He was not another opportunity to perfect his knowledge, and he worked at the tasks assigned him as ardently as he worked upon the fortifications of Hanoi, Kelson and Vietri.

Perhaps because his superiors were somewhat ill at ease in the presence of this tireless commandant; perhaps because it was realized that office work was not the field for him, a short time afterward he is found as an officer on active service with the Fifth Infantry Regiment.

It would be an impossible task to trace his life in that period. Whether Joffre thought of the ungratefulness of his country or not is never to be known; but that he made as efficient an officer in his new sphere as in the old, of that there is no doubt.

HIS ONE ROMANCE

One year after his arrival in France, Captain Joffre was named commandant, and as such he continued to be employed in the work of fortifying France against a future invasion by an enemy; but this time he was attached to a railway regiment, a position that gave him the opportunity for the study of the railroad system of France, a study which probably accounts for the marvelous mobilization results achieved in France at the beginning of this war.

Thirteen years had Captain Joffre to wait before getting his fourth stripe. His life was a busy one every minute of these years but many other things happened also, among them his marriage in 1884 to Mile. Marie-Amélie Pourcheux, and her death one year after.

The marriage was a happy one. Captain Joffre had a pleasant bass voice—General Joffre still loves to sing in his family circle—his wife was a born musician, and even tongues at Montpelier, where he spent the best part of his early married life, declare today that "Captain Joffre lacked dignity."

One year after having led the woman he loved to the altar she died.

What he suffered no one will ever know. But the Joffre who, under the influence of love, turned occasionally into a dreamer, disappeared forever, leaving in place a man

of indomitable energy and unlimited capacity for work.

This is a period in General Joffre's life which is completely obscured by an impenetrable fog. There is an absolute lack of any personal information; but his name appears once more in public documents, when in 1891 he was appointed to the chair of fortification at the Artillery and Military Engineering School of Fontainebleau.

Apparently some one kept an eye on Commandant Joffre, some one was determined that his ability and knowledge should not become wasted.

Rumor names that some one, an rumor would have it that throughout the subsequent career of General Joffre this same one played the part of guardian angel to him, and that this same one is not only still among the living, but that the present war brought new laurels to him fame, for he is other than General Gallieni.

The Military School at Fontainebleau is intended for the graduates of the Polytechnic who, though possessing the rank of second lieutenant, wish to perfect themselves in the science of artillery and fortifications.

For two years Commandant Joffre lectured upon the construction of fortifications, and his lectures are still remembered as excellent examples of graphic description of scientific principles, lavishly interspersed with illustrations derived from his own experience.

He taught and he learned at the same time. Commandant Joffre worked as a professor for two years, and then he was once more called upon to leave France.

THE CAPTURE OF TIMBUKTU

Soudan was now capturing public attention in France. She had need of having colonies, and the development of her African possessions became a matter of the first importance.

It was agreed that England must play the premier role in Africa, German aggression, the development of the Belgian Congo, and the progress of the Portuguese made it imperative that France should no longer neglect her African territory.

The first step in this direction was logically the betterment of the roads of communication and the conquest of Timbuktu, "the mysterious."

Commandant Joffre was chosen for the work of laying a railroad between Kayes and Bamako. The honor of floating the standard over Timbuktu fell to Colonel Bonnier.

So far as Joffre was concerned, the new appointment promised but very little. It was rather an exile; it was probably a source of disappointment to him. He knew, and for that matter no one knew, that it was in Africa he was to find his first glory.

Soudan at the period was the scene of constant fighting between the French troops and the Touaregs, and every inch of ground meant a struggle both before and after possession.

During the time Commandant Joffre was supervising the work of building the railroad, a work to which he brought, in his usual way, all his knowledge, energy and ability as organizer, other officers were winning fame in actual fighting, in punitive expeditions against the marauders who harassed the peaceful population, in capturing native fortresses, in a word in that active life which to a soldier means both joy and recognition.

At the end of 1892 it was decided that the French forces were to make against Timbuktu. Colonel Bonnier commanded the expedition, and he chose Commandant Joffre to head a supporting force of more than four hundred men for the purpose of carrying provisions and ammunition for the fighting force. Commandant Joffre's "army" had fewer than two-thirds of its complement native carriers and beasts. It was not an imposing display of power.

Colonel Bonnier, a dashing and courageous officer, paid with his life for the attempt to capture Timbuktu, and it thus fell to the unknown, and far from dashing, Commandant Joffre to bring to a successful issue one of the most noted exploits in France's colonial history.

Whatever the result, the starting of the expedition may serve as a picture of himself. Once more he was intended to play the part of the useful aid to the brilliant man. Fate decreed otherwise.

The plan of the campaign against Timbuktu as made by Colonel Bonnier called for the main expeditionary force to go by

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U. S. Cotton Flags, mounted on staff with brass head, 12 in., 15 in., 18 in., 24 in., 30 in., in large quantities at the lowest prices.
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Waterway, preceded by a gunboat commanded by Lieutenant Boleux, to whom belongs the honor of having been the first to plant the French tricolor at Timbuktu, while Commandant Joffre was to follow along the left bank of the Niger and was to join his chief at Timbuktu.

Commandant Joffre started from Segou on December 27, 1892. On January 30, 1894, he learned of the dreadful fate which befell Colonel Bonnier's force. Surprised by the Touaregs at Tacombao, Bonnier, together with eleven of his officers, was slain in an attack that he failed to foresee and to prepare for.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

FARM EXPERTS URGED FOR STATE IN CRISIS

Efficiency Commission Reports Need of Scientific Co-operation in Agriculture

Threatened food shortage and the high cost of living make it necessary that the services of the best agricultural experts be obtained by the State to aid the farmers in increasing production, according to the report of the Economy and Efficiency Commission.

This report is now in the hands of the Legislature. It was drawn up by Harry S. McDevitt, solicitor for the commission, and handed to Governor Brumbaugh for transmission to the general Assembly. The Governor made certain alterations in the report, but the Legislature found out about it and demanded the original.

Under the heading of "Agriculture," McDevitt made the following recommendations:

Abolish the Agricultural Commission, the Board of Agriculture, and the Live Stock Sanitary Board.

Abolish the Bureau of Dairy and Food by transferring the pure food work to the Department of Health and dairy inspection work to the State Veterinarian.

Abolish the Division of Farm Experts and the Bureau of Farm Inspection, and have this work carried on by the branches of the Agricultural Extension Bureau established under the terms of the Smith-Lever bill.

Governor Brumbaugh altered these recommendations to read:

Transfer the pure food work to the Department of Health and the dairy inspection work to the State Veterinarian.

Abolish the Division of Farm Experts and Farm Institutes, and have this work carried on by the branches of the Agricultural Extension Bureau established under the terms of the Smith-Lever bill.

The Department of Agriculture includes an Agricultural Commission, a Board of Agriculture, a Live Stock Sanitary Board, under which the State veterinarian acts, a Division of Economic Zoology and a Dairy and Food Division.

The agricultural interests of this Commonwealth demand increased activity and expenditure on the part of the Commonwealth in the interest of her citizens. The present high cost of living brings home to every citizen the necessity of increasing production. There is a grave doubt as to whether increasing the area cultivated is as beneficial as more intensive cultivation of the present areas.

"These and kindred subjects require the services of the best agricultural experts that the State can furnish to assist her agricultural citizens who produce food-stuffs and to help her citizens who consume the same."

MOBILIZING MOLLIE GETS NAVY RECRUITS

Pathe Actress Sets Newark Ablaze Patriotically With Pleas for Enlistment

By the Photoplay Editor

Mollie King, the very blonde young woman who plays the star part in "The Mystery of the Double Cross," the new Pathe serial, is entering heart and soul into the work of securing recruits for the United States navy. Miss King says she has no other than a patriotic interest in the navy, but insists that she has been born a navy girl, and she is in the thick of any fighting that is going on, not only because she believes in defending her country, but because she is of Irish parentage.

Miss King recently went to Newark, where she was the guest of honor at the opening of the new recruiting station in Military Park, that city. Clad in the uniform of a sailor, "Mobilizing Mollie" marched at the head of an enthusiastic, admiring crowd to a platform in front of the recruiting station. There she made an impassioned plea to the crowd that had collected. Before she had finished more than a score of young men had signed applications for admission to the navy.

In addition, Miss King is forming an organization among motion-picture actresses, each one of whom will devote all of her spare time to securing additional members for the navy.

MOVIE ENGLISH

"Miss Brady was supposed to be a violinist, and maybe Alice can play the violin, but in the ordinary pink watching the picture it will look like she is doing quite some stalling."—From a review of "Darkest Russia" in *Wide Magazine*.

Famous Players may not think so, but the fact that Gilbert Burgess has furnished the story for Billie Burke's first appearance before the Paramount camera is more important than Miss Burke's engagement. Mr. Burgess is what the movies need and haven't got—a wit. He knows how to be immensely comical as well as sanely serious. He has looked at life from the angle of a married idler. For sheer, leaping, captivating nonsense his "Lady Mechanic" has never been equaled by an American writer. By the way, that yarn was done by Vitagraph, with Robert Edson as Haulick Smugg, the conchever, which he originally played on the stage.

Burgess's vehicle for Miss Burke is "The Mysterious Miss Terry." It has to do with a sort of sublimated Lady Mechanic. Let us hope and pray that J. Searle Dawley, the director, will leave in the spice and high jinks and not take it or himself too seriously.

TO WILLIAM FAUNTUN'S LEADING WOMAN

(That she would keep away from the ramshackle, and a "Carmen"?)

A sweet, yes; a "Carmen" no; You're far too fair for such disaster. Your opal spirits subtly show A jewel (yes); a "Carmen" (no); Ah, do not to Surtoutille go. Their copy is passing fast and faster. A jewel! Yes! A "Carmen" No! You're far too fair for such disaster.

VICTORIA—A "Berth Scandal." Triangle Comedy. Directed by Jack Dillon. It was impossible to judge the number of reels in this farce, but it seemed to be run off in less time than the average two-part comedy.

comedy. If it is shorter, that's a good sign. Better too much condensation in the pictures than too much elaboration. For the rest of it, "A Berth Scandal" is the familiar Sennettian mix-up, a bit less violent than Keystone, and quite amusing in a mild way. Its chief purpose was to prove what changes have taken place in the Triangle camp since Griffith quit. Only two of the cast were known to the reviewer. It will make a good program filler.

Lancaster to Observe Centennial

LANCASTER, Pa., May 2.—At a meeting of a committee appointed by the Lancaster Chamber of Commerce tentative plans were prepared for the celebration of the centennial of the incorporation of Lancaster as a city. The celebration will begin Sunday, July 14, 1918, and continue one week.

Mrs. David Gaber, proprietress of the shop, was working in a room behind the store, when a curtain, it is believed, blew across a gas jet. The blaze communicated to other articles in the room and Mrs. Gaber was forced to flee to the street. Firemen extinguished the blaze in about twenty minutes.

FIRE DAMAGES LINEN

Curtain Ignited by Gas Jet and Fire Cause \$500 Loss

A quantity of fine hand-embroidered linen and other stock was damaged to the extent of \$500 by fire which seriously damaged the rear of the Exclusive Art Needle Shop at 1906 West Columbia avenue, late last night.

Mrs. David Gaber, proprietress of the shop, was working in a room behind the store, when a curtain, it is believed, blew across a gas jet. The blaze communicated to other articles in the room and Mrs. Gaber was forced to flee to the street. Firemen extinguished the blaze in about twenty minutes.

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A home on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania is what most men want. For such a man this house is ideal.

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Eighteen minutes from City Hall by auto or train. One of the highest spots in Montgomery County. Lot 60 x 150. Beautiful shade trees, shrubbery and hedges; much larger than in illustration.

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They're always fresh; toasting holds the Burley flavor. Everybody loves Burley; Lucky Strike, the real Burley cigarette at last—it's toasted.

You men are buying Lucky Strike cigarettes by the million, to enjoy the new toasted flavor. Also because you love Burley tobacco.

You've always loved Burley—look at the 60 million pounds you poured out of those green, blue and red tins last year.

Now you can always find the delicious Burley flavor in Lucky Strike cigarettes—sealed in and delivered to you fresh by toasting.

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